

Evening Grosbeaks (*Hesperiphona vespertina vespertina*) at **Manchester, N. H.**—On March 6, 1913, at 8 o'clock A. M., I saw seven Evening Grosbeaks in front of the Woman's Aid Home in Manchester, N. H. One was a brilliant male in full plumage, the others varying greatly. They were in a small mountain ash tree, sixteen feet from where I stood, but were not feeding while I watched them. Later in the morning I located them feeding in maple trees, about four blocks distant from the former location, one brilliant male and six others as before. I publish this note in the interest of the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, other members of which have likewise observed grosbeaks recently.—EDWARD H. FOGG, *Manchester, N. H.*

An Abnormal Rose-breasted Grosbeak.—On May 15, some friends informed me that they had seen in this neighborhood a Rose-breasted Grosbeak (*Zamelodia ludoviciana*) with a yellow breast. Taking me to the place where they had seen it, in hopes that it might be nesting, it was found without difficulty. The color of the breast might be termed a light orange.—ROBERT BARBOUR, *Montclair, N. J.*

A Winter Record of the Brown Thrasher in Lancaster, Mass.—During this last winter (1912–1913) a Brown Thrasher (*Toxostoma rufum*) took up his residence in a Colorado Blue Spruce (*Picea pungens*) in front of my greenhouse and apparently had a very comfortable time of it. My gardener became very much interested and every day threw out food and also put the greenhouse cat to "rest."

The bird as far as I could see was not injured or crippled in the least. February 24 and 25, my man said he sang, but as a cold snap came on the 26th, he stopped and never tried it again all winter.—JOHN E. THAYER, *Lancaster, Mass.*

Two Rare Birds for Massachusetts.—I should like to record the recent occurrence in Lexington, Mass., of two birds, rare in eastern Massachusetts. Shortly before seven in the morning, April 26, 1913, a Carolina Wren (*Thryothorus ludovicianus ludovicianus*) passed rapidly northward through my yard, singing loudly. Soon afterward, Mr. Walter Faxon, from his house half a mile to the north, heard the song. An hour later, we followed the wren's northward course for nearly a mile until we overtook him, singing from a tangle of brush. From here he turned squarely to the west and, still in the brush, continued to an alder swamp where he dropped to the ground to feed and stopped singing. We found no further trace of the bird either late in the afternoon of the 26th or the next morning.

The second rarity, a Blue-winged Warbler (*Vermivora pinus*), visited my garden at 5 o'clock in the morning of May 6, 1913. He was in brilliant plumage, showing no trace of mixed blood. He sang from the top of a flowering plum tree the typical *pinus* song,—two drawling, buzzing notes. This bird arrived, doubtless, with the heavy migration wave of the previous